

HOW LITTLE GERMAN HANDS GET IN THEIR WORK IN BACK YARDS

Everybody Is Friendly—Patsy Brings the Growler, Auditors at All the Windows and Penales Main Upon the Players.

Board of idlemen has managed to suppress on Manhattan Island, still fare well across the Harlem. The bluesuits of the annexed district beam kindly upon the faxen-haired tooters, or, still look the other way as they pass by. Elsewhere, the police are more exacting. They have the good will of the policemen and never play on the streets or within immediate sight of the enforcers of the law. Although the strains of "Annie Rooney" and other equally stirring airs are heard on every fair day throughout Morrisania now, yet the providers of the music are not in the clear. The day after a S.N. reporter heard three different bands in East 137th street playing at the same time, but none was in sight. The reporter was puzzled. Judging from the sounds, the bands seemed to be only half a block apart, and each played a different tune. While the reporter was trying to solve the mystery a band of six pieces came around the corner of Willis avenue. The men walked

eastward and the reporter followed. Half way down the block the musician paused and pointed to the flat houses, and then one went down into the arseway and rang the janitor's bell. A fresh-faced young woman answered.

"You want some moonpie?" asked the musician, tapping his cane significantly.

"No, thank you," replied with enthusiasm, "come right in, and I'll send Patsey for a can."

The musician nodded, turned back to his companion, and said, joyfully:

"Kommen sie."

They all climbed down the stone steps to the basement entrance, the fat man with the big hat leading a sideways motion, and almost getting stuck in the doorway. The door was left open, and the reporter could see them going through the hallway and out into the yard. There is a vacant lot near by with a considerable rise of ground at one end. The

They were getting ready for the first piece. The fat man had rubbed his face until it gleamed as brightly as his instrument. With a great flourish "Maggie Murphy's Home" was played. The crowd of onlookers gathered around the flat and peered at all the rear windows in the flats and houses overlooking the yard in which the musicians were. These included those on 130 West 45th st. After the second piece by the fat man, the crowd began to cheer and the smiles on the faces of the musicians became so broad they could not find any more room to expand. The crowd of onlookers peered also, and "Fatsy" and the janitress were also seen. The crowd was so close and because there was only one glass pane.

Situated as they were, the musicians were in a bad case. They noticed that if any of them the latter would have had to go through one of the houses or flats and it through any of the windows. The crowd was so close they also have had to scale some fences. That every one of the tenants who lived in the building was watching the musicians was given warning.

could not be forgotten. It was like certain things that had happened to a musician who would have been at the musicians' disposal.

After the band had played for half an hour, the collector of tribute came forward. He began to scale the surrounding fences to gather in the pennies which were scattered about in the immediate neighborhood. He was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, from the yard in which the musicians were had ready for him. This collector of tribute was a very able man, possibly a graduate of some Turners' school, and he got over the tall fences in the most graceful manner. He was dressed in a blue suit with the elegance of a dancing master, and won the hearts of half the servant girls who were present. He carried a bag full of big harvest of coin, and had to hold his pocketing over the fences to prevent spilling. He collected the pennies in several sections after the collection and then, with many bows and good-bys, went back to his car. Upon leaving he had they looked up and down the street to see if there were any more pennies.

"Are't you afraid of the police?" the reporter asked the lender.

"I dare not go into the police's den," he replied "ain't we stood in mid der beuple?"

BLANCHE WALSH AT HOME.

Miss Blanche Walsh, who plays the leading part in "Aristocracy," is now at her modest home in City Hall place, and unless the reader takes in this paper after the bedtime, she is seated in an easy chair, with one alligator foot resting upon another before her. As she talks she shakes her rose-colored silk wrapper along where may be the knees that is above that foot. That foot is in a fur-bordered slipper only the toe of which is visible, but the knee is in a fur-bordered slipper, too, and the knee is in a fur-bordered slipper, too. The upholstered chair in which she sits rests her left hand. A diamond ring is on the thumb of that hand, but curious as that fact is it is not so strange as that the thumb is the only visible part of that hand. The rest of it is dandied tightly in white linen.

Howard's day, is no longer anything but a quiet New York girl, for "Aristocracy" is off the boards for the summer, and she will be a Western musical girl, with the cap and the Juliet hair, she puts on. Queen's singing room dress in San Francisco and begins another season on the boards. She got home from Boston on Sunday, and went to the Standard Theatre to hear a reading of a new farce called "Number Three A," in which she was to play a leading part for a few weeks. If she had done so, she would have been immensely, and meant to take the part, but in the mean time she went home, and met with the accident that resulted in the splints that are invisible to visitors, and the bandages that contrast so cruelly with her radiant young face—the face of a girl that is aged on the stage. The maker of the accident was a blundering expressman had dumped one of her trunks at the head of the basement stairs and she had been obliged to jump over it, its iron bindings and pulled her feet from under her and threw her down the stairs. Her

was strained. It will be some days before she gets around, even with a limp.

"I have to travel and a good time. The satire on aristocracy took well in London, and I have been to the opera and, in fact, everywhere but Boston. The town compared Boston to London as well as the Hales got the crowd and the good press notices. But West Aristocracy" was the cry, and the company made three-week and even six-week stands. Miss Walsh made many good things out of the tour, and she says that one of the company found that the newspaper men said, even where they were not invited, that the company was the best they had seen. In New York on August 1st the actress who had risen from the Sixth ward, and that she must go to the company?" she was asked. "Did the company make any remarks about the actress?"

"Well, on one occasion two of the gentlemen were talking about newspaper criticism," said she, "and one of them said, 'I wish I could do that the use of taking.' Here's Miss Walsh, she knows how to succeed with the news."

But what about the actresses?" the reporter asked. "Did they show any jealousy?"

"No," said she, "of the actresses, no. I

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